



THE
Gleaner
1982



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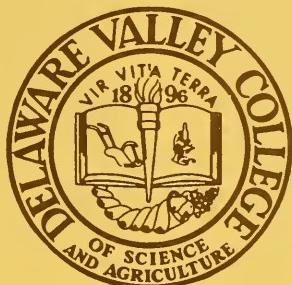
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THE **Gleaner**

established 1901

Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture
Doylestown, Pennsylvania 18901

Spring 1982



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Dan Schwalm

*Look at the sun,
Struggling with his cloudy barrier
Attempting to hold these
Free-flowing, wispy vagabonds
against their will,
Trying to fix a permanent pattern
Upon the amorphous slate
of the sky.*

*Doesn't he realize
that clouds can't be molded?
They seep through the cracks
Billowing forth in anger,
And drift silently away-
trailing your hopes behind them.*

*Doesn't he know?
If only he would stop
fighting them,
And let them float freely,
They would soon gather together
-without a struggle-
And pattern themselves
After the shape of his dreams.*

-Lisa C. Merklein

The Vagabond

*He's gone to commune
with the man-in-the-moon
Where his thoughts, like his footsteps, will wander-
A vagabond roaming in search of a tune
humming melodies lovers can ponder...*

*Down pathways of fate
shadowed ebony slate
Through mazes of grey starlit mist-
Befuddled and blind
the heart leads the mind
I smiled in my dreams when we kissed...*

Helen Fitting '82

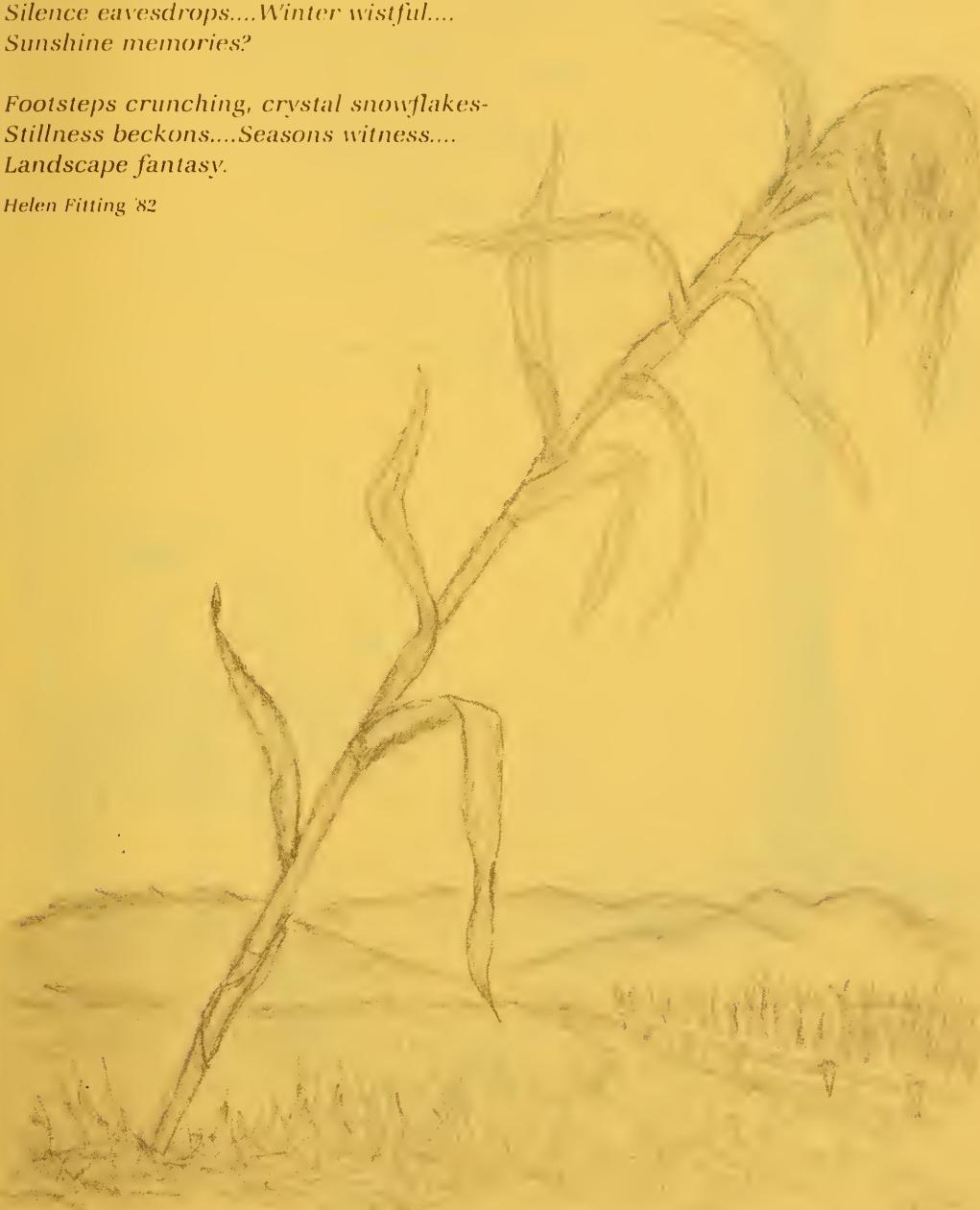
Meadow View

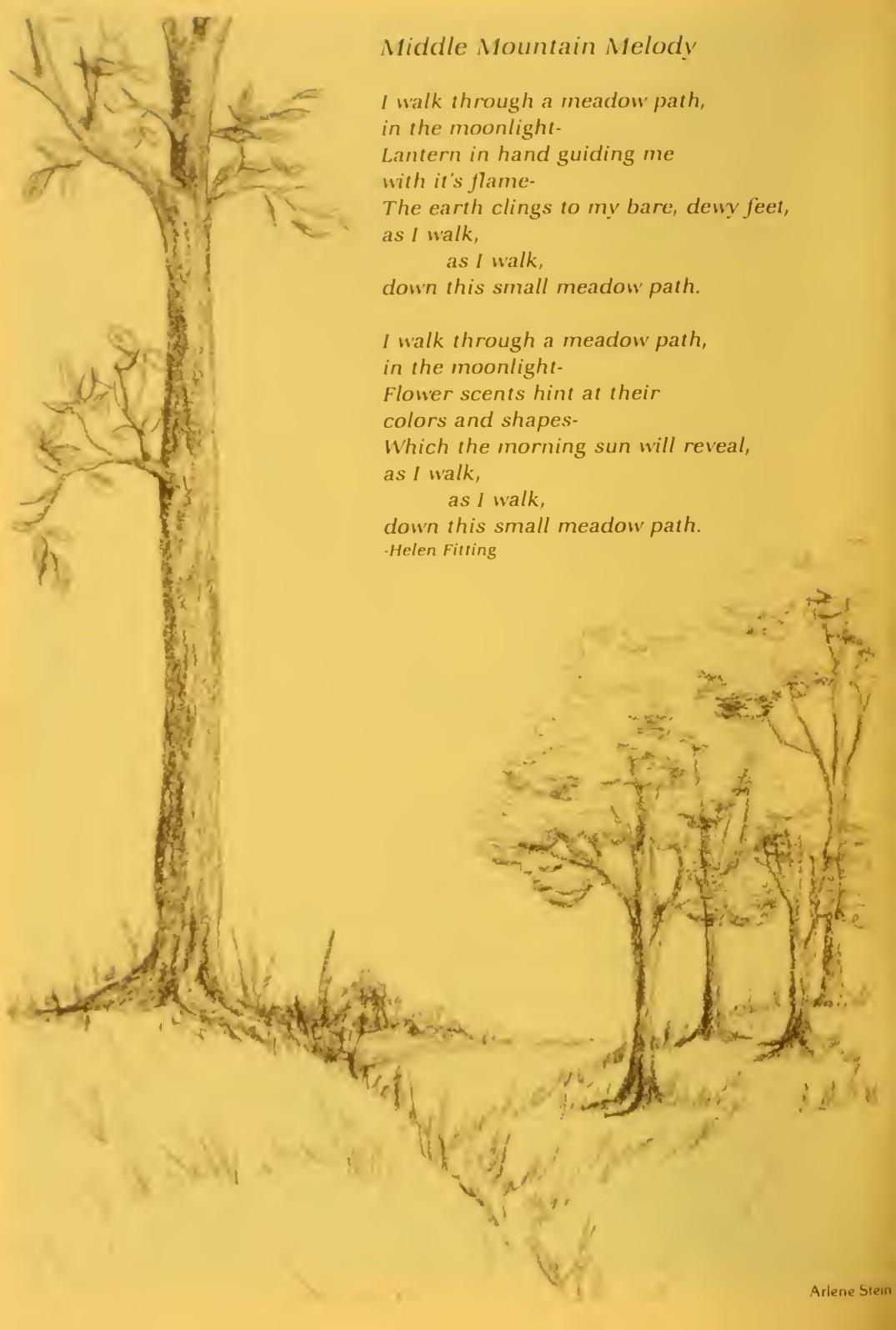
Bronzed weed stalks, stand seedless-
Speechless testimony....Summer wishes....
Dream in solitude.

Crows wing westward, sundown whispers-
Silence eavesdrops....Winter wistful....
Sunshine memories?

Footsteps crunching, crystal snowflakes-
Stillness beckons....Seasons witness....
Landscape fantasy.

Helen Fitting '82





Middle Mountain Melody

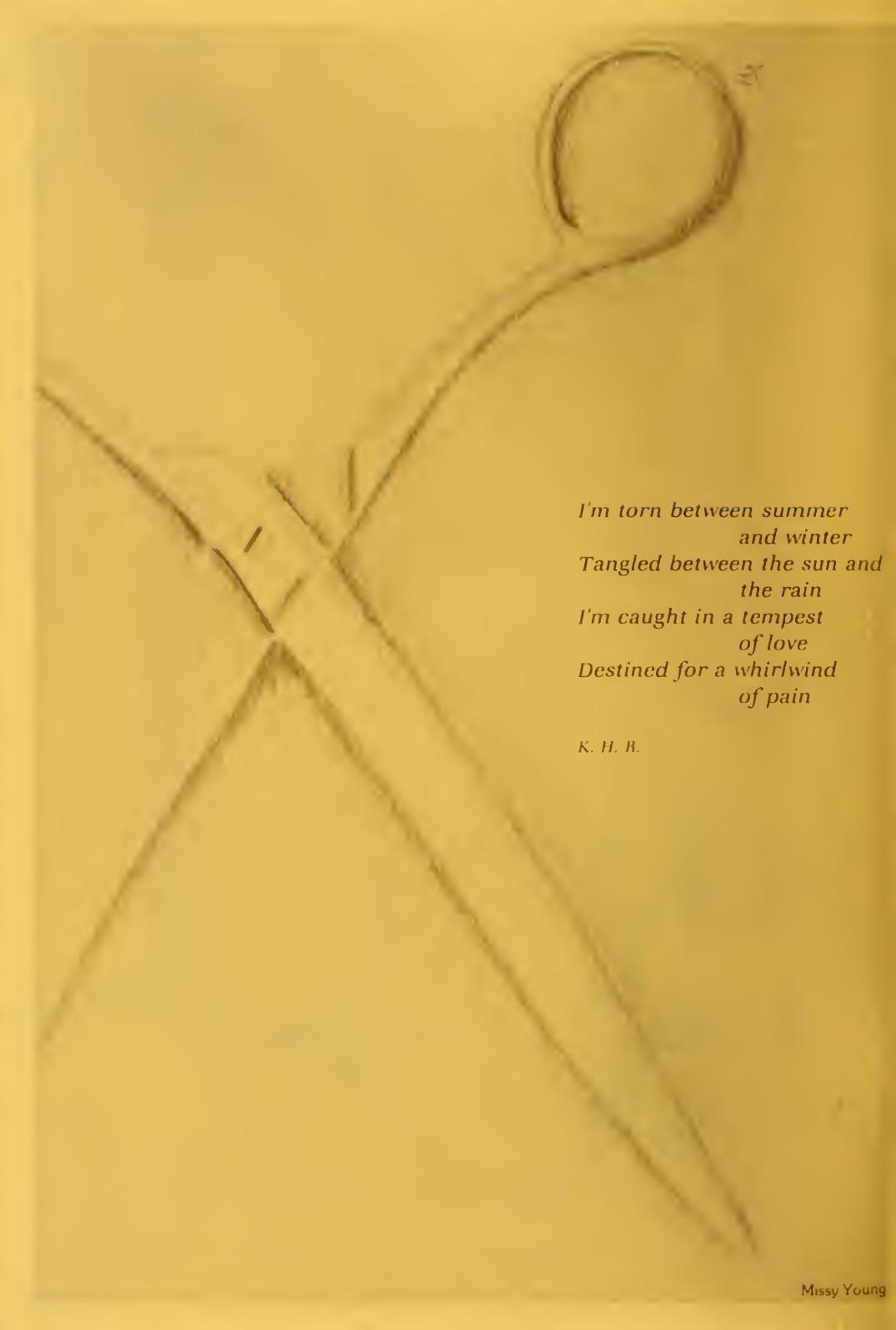
*I walk through a meadow path,
in the moonlight-
Lantern in hand guiding me
with its flame-
The earth clings to my bare, dewy feet,
as I walk,
as I walk,
down this small meadow path.*

*I walk through a meadow path,
in the moonlight-
Flower scents hint at their
colors and shapes-
Which the morning sun will reveal,
as I walk,
as I walk,
down this small meadow path.*

-Helen Fitting

*We live separately
but together
We grow on our own
but share our growth
And we love
intertwining our souls
for this moment in time*

Jill Bitner



*I'm torn between summer
and winter
Tangled between the sun and
the rain
I'm caught in a tempest
of love
Destined for a whirlwind
of pain*

K. H. R.

"Oh - gee." That was my half of the conversation. Conversation. Doesn't that mean **two** people are talking.

Once again I was stuck in one of those one - way conversations where I had no idea what the other person was saying. I had asked a simple question like, "So how's school?" and it ended up with his rambling on about his calculus class.

"My one class is a real drag. We have to memorize Einstein's theory about elevation which is carbon dextrose over π divided by 1/8th of the difference that's equal to . . ."

I couldn't take it. I was lost after the first carbon what - you - call - it. So to amuse myself I watched his expressions while he talked. It was funny. Whenever he said a word with a "p" in it, his nose crinkled up. Then when he said words with a "c" in them he would pull his eyebrows together. I loved it when he said the word "perception" because his nose and eyes moved simultaneously. His lips were lazy and didn't move much; they just sort of hung there.

Suddenly, the rambling noise stopped. Quickly I looked into his eyes. He was staring at me waiting. I searched my memory. What was the last word he had said? I bet it was a question. I think the word was "you." Maybe he asked, "How about you", or something. Trying to play it safe I smiled and said, "yeah."

He looked at me oddly. I knew I had said the wrong thing. I had to think of something fast to get me out of this one. I glanced down at my wrist. Good thing I had put my watch on that morning.

Trying to sound believeable I said, "Oh, look what time it is! Look, I have to be going. Well, it sure has been nice talking to you. Bye !"

Well, I make it out of that one but I promised myself I'd never let that happen again. I'll try and pay more attention next time.

Linda H. Hahn



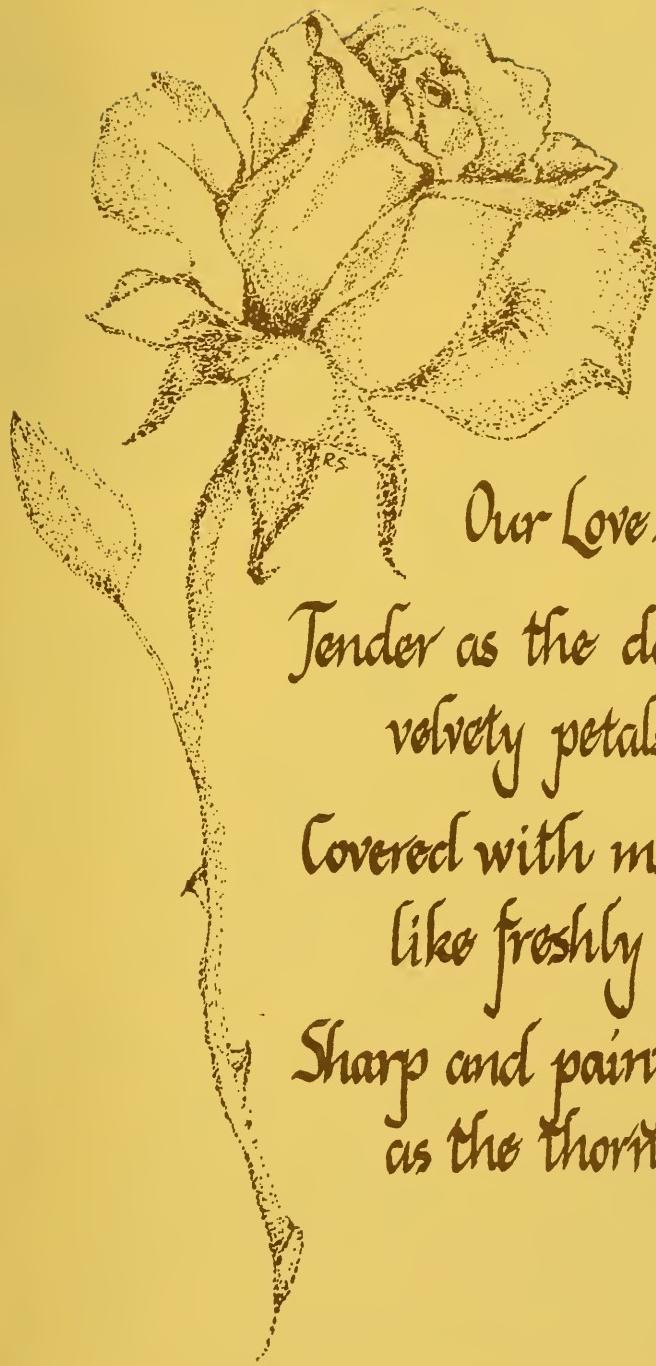
Nancy Schnetzer



*The girl sits silent,
yet her emotions spill from her eyes like words,
forming sentences, and paragraphs going into the
volumes that describe what a complex person
the girl really is.*

*Her emotions flow down her face,
spilling onto the pages into small puddles,
that blot and blur the words, seeking to keep
anyone who tries from reading them.*

Eva Brunt



Our Love...

Tender as the delicate,
velvety petals

Covered with memories
like freshly fallen dew,

Sharp and painful
as the thorns to our hands.

-Elizabeth-



Evening Rain

She brushed away the wisp of hair from her eyes with the back of her soapy hand. Although the steam from the water rose and made her flush with heat, the woman took comfort in washing clean her dishes. It gave her a few quiet moments to reflect on the happenings of the day, or of her life in general.

The woman, in her task, watched from the window the world that surrounded her home. She saw that dusk was falling earlier than usual. The sun was slowly being obscured by the heavily laden storm clouds that came with the heat of summer. She watched the stirring breeze lift and disturb the leaves of the oaks in the farmyard. In the distance she noticed the billowing dust from her husband's pick up as it rolled down the back road that went to town.

Far off thunder threatened and rumbled, but still no rain fell. They needed the rain, for it would give the parched earth that one last drink it needed to yield a good crop for the year. It would comfort her to know that something was turning out right in her life on the farm.

Darkness came quickly, and the woman could no longer follow the trail of the truck. It was as if someone had pulled a curtain down to block out reality, and this left her mind to wander freely. Her husband had told her just before he had left that he was going to town to drink a few beers. But, now she could only wonder if this were true. She thought maybe he was seeing another woman.

The more she pondered on this thought the more her despair over her life grew. Life on their farm had been tough. The harsh midwestern sun, along with other elements of life, had dried out her skin, robbing her of the beauty that once had attracted so many. When she had married her man she had felt she had made the best choice a woman could make. But now she felt ugly because her husband no longer looked at her with light in his eyes.

A drop or two fell from her eye and splashed in the dishwater. She looked up to see not only was it raining on the inside but it was raining outside as well. The fresh scent of the storm drifted in and filled her body with a calmness. Perhaps if the rains did well then maybe there was hope. She sighed as she rinsed the last of the dishes.

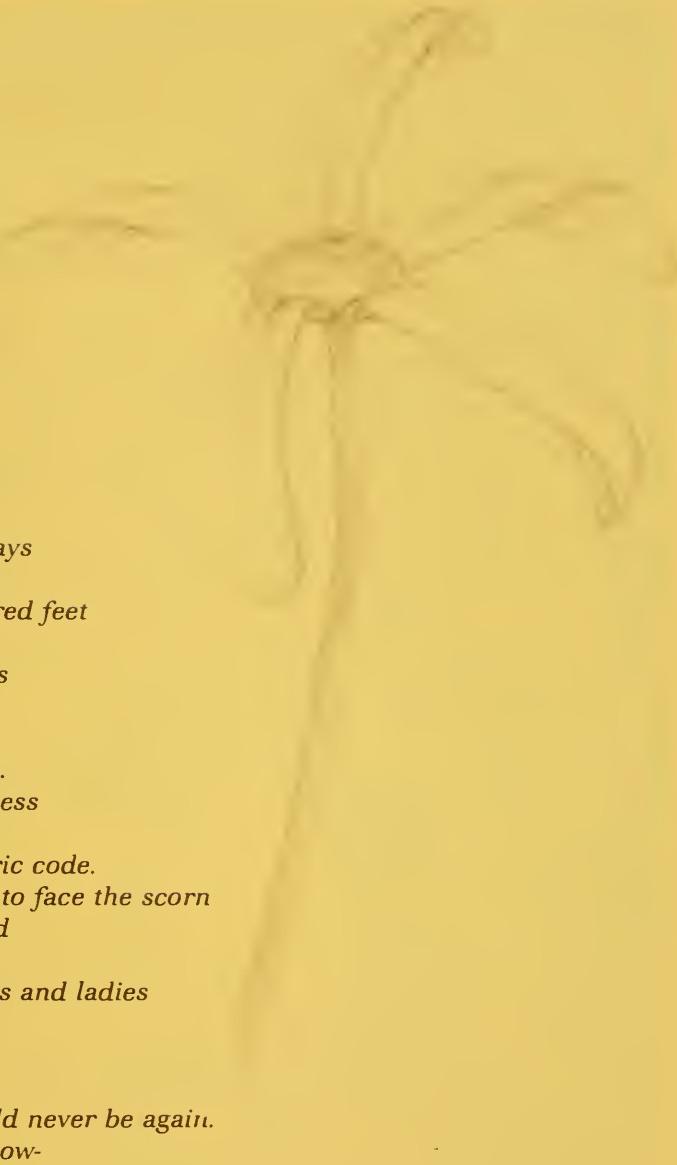
Lorri Gerus

Two soft, brown, spongy plateaus
of baked, yeast raised starches.
One plain blanketed with off white
sheets of soft-ripened coagulated protein caseins
The other painted deliberately with smooth,
glossy, ochre-yellow herb paste hitting
the taste buds after consumation
with a tangy, tart, creamy, spongy, salty,
spicy, and delightfully tasty sensation.
A cheese sandwich???

-Carl Vivaldi



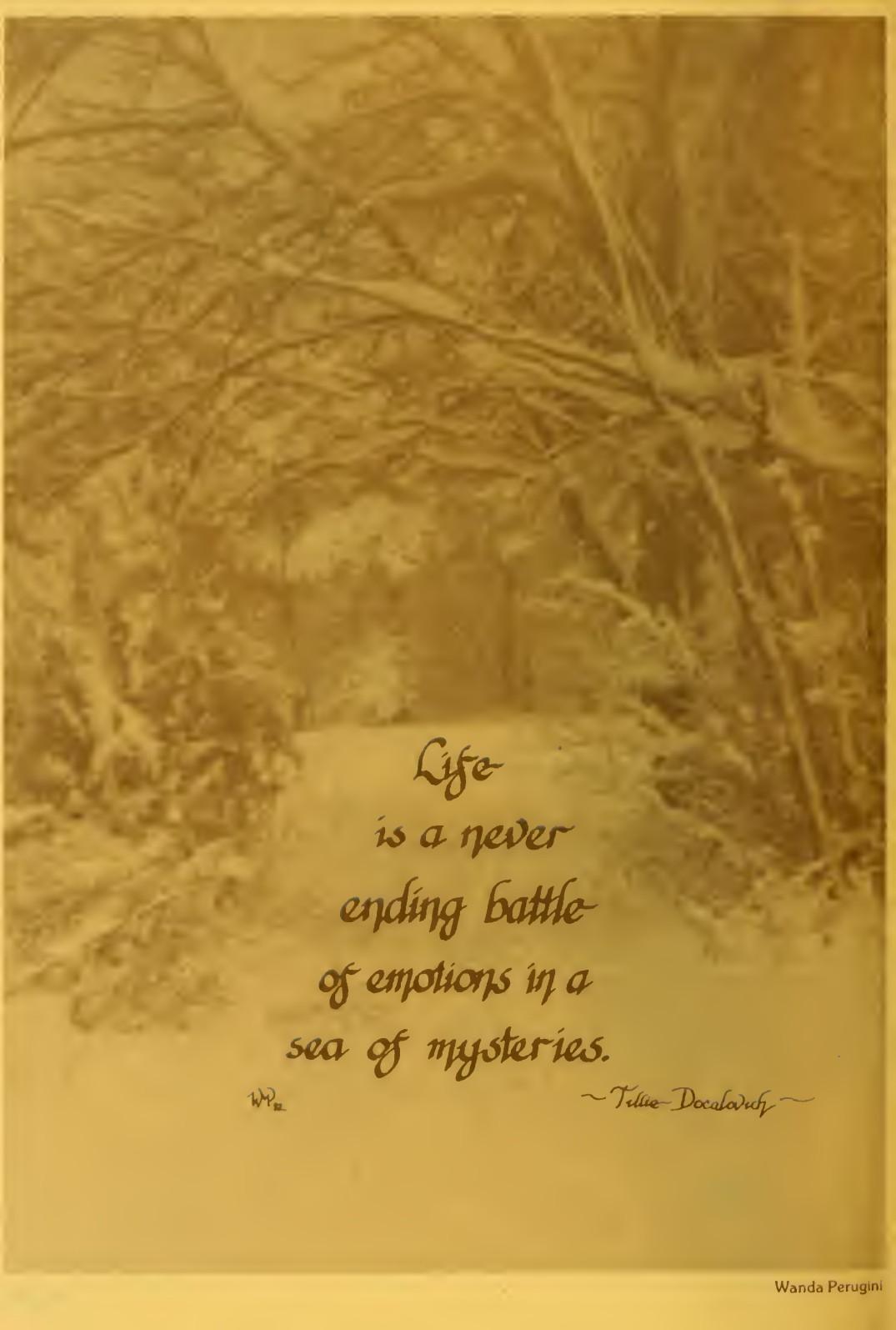
AAS



Traveler in the Dusk

*The battered coat
Whispered softly of better days
And its words like its pride,
Were lost in the scuffle of tired feet
Along a dusty road.
It hung in dulled-scarlet folds
On shoulders slumped
Under a burden too heavy
For any mortal to bear alone.
Tattered sleeved and buttonless
It clung.
Serving some ancient chivalric code.
Or perhaps, it was unwilling to face the scorn
Of another man less attached
To a bit of moldy cloth
The tales it told were of lords and ladies
and laughter,
Of balls and banquets
and beauty;
Of things that were and would never be again.
Things that did not matter now-
Now that the sun had gone
And the rain had begun to add its chorus
To the rhythm of the road.*

Wanda M. Perugini



Life
is a never
ending battle
of emotions in a
sea of mysteries.

WP

~ Tillie Docalandy ~



The Spirit Deer

*Arrow in the wind, tell me, where are you flying now?
Where are you flying to?
I will follow you...*

*Deer of the wood, tell me, what are you fleeing from?
Where are you fleeing to?
I will follow you...*

*Arrow you are still,
Red blood is trickling, where is it running to?
Deer you are still,
Breathing a last breath, where is it going to?
I will follow you...
...follow you...
-Helen Fitting*



Pine Canyon

*Walking alone in the desert at night
Down by the Rio Grande
Milky Way's brighter than New York Street lights
Reflect on the Texas sand*

*And I'm going back up to Pine Canyon
The ravens are calling my name
The giants that live up in Pine Canyon
Are evergreens older than man.*

*See I spend a week down in Mesquite Country
Prickley Pear tugging my pants
Creasote deamon's surrounding my head
I need a finer fragrance*

*So I'm going back up to Pine Canyon
The ravens are calling my name
See I left a woman up Pine Canyon
And I wish I was with her in evergreen land
I wish I was with her again
Karl Bachman*

*I like to pick them asparagi shoots
I hunt 'em in the morning
Wear my harvesting boots
They're growing so I pick 'em
Our relationship is root
I love to pick them Asparagi shoots*

*I love to cook them Asparagi stalks
I take 'em home and steam 'em
Right on top a my wok
There's tender, big - I seen 'em
I snag 'em when I walk
How I love to cook them Asparagi stalks*

Karl Bachman



Mama, you say you're loving
Mama, you say you care
But mama don't you go a shoving
Mama don't you ever dare.
Mama you say I don't have patience
Mama you say I never will
But did you ever define patience
Maybe you had better still.
Because screaming and yelling I just don't consider
 Patience-that just isn't it
Peace and quiet and gentle chatter
 Patience-that is how it fits.
Mama I may never bear children
 But it isn't cause I don't care
Because Mama I don't want children
 If they're more than I can bear.
Because Mama there just isn't room
 In this world for screams and fights
Love and kindness should be entered
 Into homes both day and night.
So Mama don't you ever tell me
That I don't know my own mind
Because Mama I have grown up seeing
All the others of your kind.

-anonymous



To whom it may concern

*Or those who may just be passing by,
I shot myself today.*

*Why I did it, I'm not sure.
But nobody seemed to care,*

*For I was the quiet one,
The one who had no fun.*

*For I thought learning was more important
But now I know I was wrong.*

Missy Young

*I was a wild stallion
Thundering through the wind with my heart
Free among the endless canyons of time.*

*You caught me with your sweets & kindness
And your love I returned.
Yet you frighten me with your saddle
For I am young and unsure
It doesn't quite fit yet.*

*You've captured my heart but my firey
Blood runs on.
I would not be whole without it
So my heart must follow.
Please let go of the reins that hold
us together
Just enough to let me feel the wind
Through the canyons once more.
My eyes have not seen all that they
long for.*

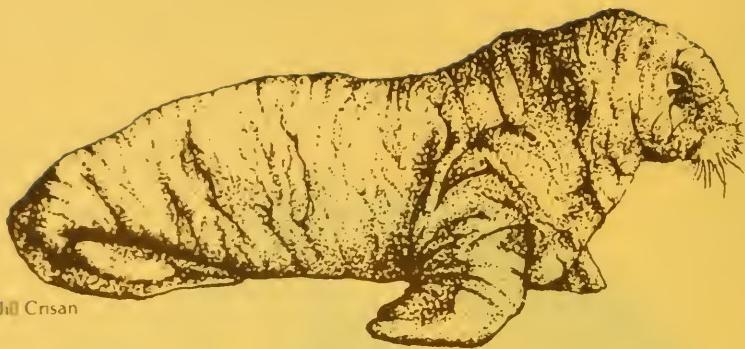
*I only ask that you leave your corral
gate open.
For one day my fire will die.
and I feel that your saddle
May yet fit me.
Don't worry, I'll never loose
My taste for your sweets.*

LHH





Jackie Mento

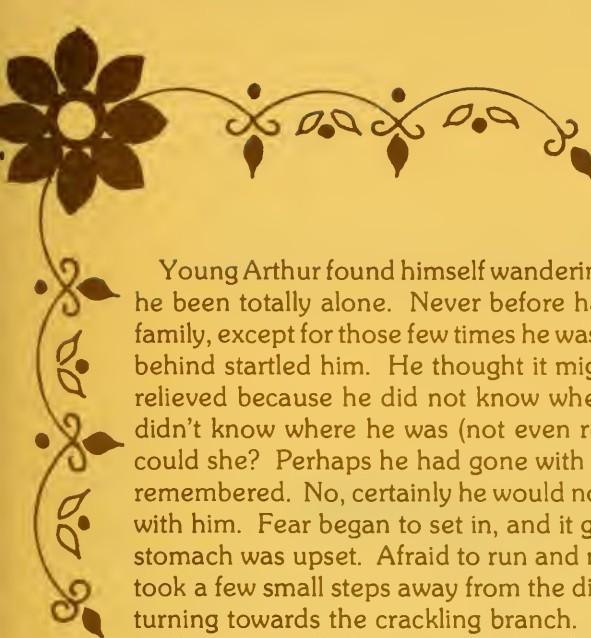


Jill Criswell

An International Language

*Laugh
Doesn't it feel good?
It tickles my tummy
putting a smile on my face
It makes me feel funny
Pick up your spirits
forget about your worries
make someone else feel better
Laugh, chuckle, giggle
In any language it's the same thing
So when you're feeling down and out
and you just don't feel so fine,
LAUGH, I do it all the time...*

Carl Vivaldi

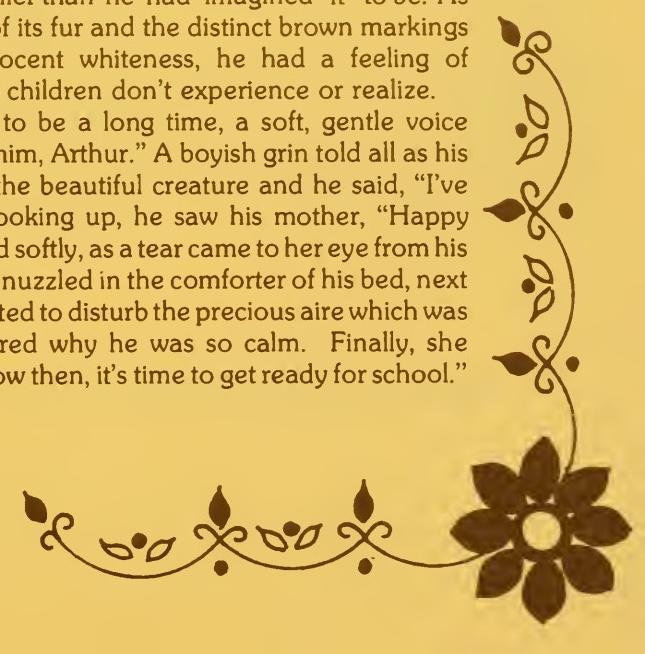


Young Arthur found himself wandering alone. Never before had he been totally alone. Never before had he been away from his family, except for those few times he was with a sitter. A noise from behind startled him. He thought it might be his mother, and felt relieved because he did not know where she was. But no, if he didn't know where he was (not even recognizing the area), how could she? Perhaps he had gone with Becky, next door, and not remembered. No, certainly he would not forget if Becky had been with him. Fear began to set in, and it grabbed his loneliness - his stomach was upset. Afraid to run and more afraid to stay, Arthur took a few small steps away from the direction of the sound while turning towards the crackling branch.

His face was flushed. He could see his grimy jeans with a hole in the right knee, and his shirt tails half out. His small body never seemed so small before - it must have seemed so then because of the tall forest surrounding him.

Before he could focus on the image, he tripped over what seemed like a boulder. The fall caught him more than the noise did before, and his tears drew some specks of soil to his face. The dirt stained his golden blond hair and his fair, tanned face. Realizing his previous concern Arthur turned his face from the ground to see a rabbit. It was much smaller than he had imagined it to be. As he noticed the cleanliness of its fur and the distinct brown markings intertwined with the innocent whiteness, he had a feeling of contentment which most children don't experience or realize.

After what seemed to be a long time, a soft, gentle voice whispered, "Do you like him, Arthur." A boyish grin told all as his bright blue eyes beheld the beautiful creature and he said, "I've always wanted one." Looking up, he saw his mother, "Happy Birthday, Arthur," she said softly, as a tear came to her eye from his delight. The small bunny nuzzled in the comforter of his bed, next to his side. His Mother hated to disturb the precious aire which was created, and she wondered why he was so calm. Finally, she hugged him and said, "Now then, it's time to get ready for school."



D.C.



Missy Young

here i am:

filled with a clouded mind
seeking to save what i do not know is lost
striving to hold on to things i cannot touch
straining to see things which are

invisible

there they are:

filled with uncontrollable laughter, at nothing
wondering how they can find so many tears - empty drops
finding answers over tavern tables which last till the next day
has come
feeling that they are almost

living

I am that I am:

filled with a dark, scintillating depth of shallow,
undying love

seeking to same fallen Spirits - like filling cups
with no sides

ever-emanating clear beams of Contented Images
unknown

immersed in the insurmountable treasures of fata
morganas

eternal

i want that I am so i can finally know, Please.
invisible light to have uncontrollable Laughter at something -

Real.

-John Casillas

Green

*I look at you both sitting there
Your hand gently playing with her hair.
It should be me not her.*

*I see you as you walk on by
All the time I wonder why
I am a fool, drowning from
your happiness.*

*Dammit why can't you see,
the love behind these hazel eyes
gone green?*

-MHD



Silver & Gold

*Gaze into my eyes
search the depths of my soul
Deep within lies a treasure
you alone can unfold.*

*My heart is a tapestry
vivid chambers enlaced
With mosaic memories
that time cannot erase.*

*And yet etchings of silver
in the finest of thread
Laced with light, hold a glimmer
hinting words yet unsaid;*

*As our colorful patterns
of life intertwine
I feel the strength of a love
words have yet to define,*

*And my unraveling tapestry
is woven anew
Interlaced with the golden
inscription of you.*

Lisa C. Merklein

Jill Crisan

Yea.

living in a soft white blanket of nothingness
uninhibited, save the whispers from beyond
i listen and then try - they control and comfort me

lurking underneath are black clouds, filled with rage - immersed
in dismal diamonds

they reach forward, ever forward
for more
for some they stream down from the sky
(reaming down a character)
like swift terrible torrents of uninhibited rain drops
(uninhibited joy?)
a philistine heart collects and builds a brilliant kingdom...
...on sand
for others, a tide of grief sweeps through their
members daily

and all walk on the same massive ball, different levels to be sure,
ALWAYS

some never to meet

listen red, never to meet

listen white, never to meet

and minds will be filled with black and white, black diamonds and
white grief

Yea.

but it's all grey, soft white blankets enveloping beautiful, glorious,
celestial, brilliant, ever-shining moderate grey

uninhibited joy!

John Casillas

Nancy Schnetzer



The Party is Over

*Lonely, soft notes linger through the air
A half-drunk soda sheds tears upon the table
Three solemn crackers, one slightly shattered
 lay scattered among a few hard lumps of
 cheese.
A stray, forlorn blue sweater slumped,
 wrinkled.
 cries for its owner.
A family of delighted ants prances
 about a new-found feast of crushed
 potato chips.
Finally, slowly, warm water
 oozes from a clean rag...*

Karen Kerner

The Pencil

*An old pencil sharpened to a
stub, and marks indented
from being chewed on.
Eraser erased til there is no
more, with a hard-as-rock
film on top.
Gold plating rubbed off to a
dull silver.
Now you transform your
ugliness into something
even more dastardly,
such as nasty words on a
restroom wall or
in a subway station.
Now you transform
all of your putridity .
into something beautiful.*

R. C. Chambers

A sepia-toned photograph showing a sidewalk covered with fallen leaves. A large, dark tree trunk and branches are visible on the left, casting shadows. The leaves are scattered across the light-colored concrete.

Leaves

Whirling, twirling, down they swirl.
Falling, floating, loftily down.
Crunching, crackling, beneath my feet
like a shag carpet wall to wall along the street.
With a gust of wind they are blown away.
Gone tomorrow, but fun today.

-Tillie Docalovich

*Hazel eyes
Hold a blank stare
refuse to meet mine
refuse to acknowledge
That I am here.*

*A lazy smile
Used to melt the coldness
of that expression
Used to put a sparkle
into those hazel eyes
Used to warm
my heart.
Where has it gone?*

*Someone
Flipped a switch
or turned a page
And I am lost.*

*Please be my friend--
come find me.
-Lucy Pepper*





Wishes

*Everyone knows that wishes don't come true;
But still, no one can resist the temptation
to make just one more for good luck.*

*Everyone knows that wishes don't come true;
they just turn into dreams and fade away into
the dark dreary past, never to be heard of again.*

*Everyone knows that wishes don't come true;
But still they wish, clinging on 'till the
end of time, that maybe just this
once, the impossible will come true.*

The Knife

*It hurt to feel that knife you drove into my
back.
It was not blood that flowed, but tears
upon my cheek.
I felt its point behind me and yet it
pierced my soul.
The wound is healed now, but not the pain
it caused;
For you left a scar that can't be seen
deep within my heart.*

-Susan Richart



*Sharing a thought
a lonely little feeling
a solitary emotion--
This world has gone astray
my mind has followed
trampling each moment
searching for that lost love.*

¶

Bean

To a used-to-be friend

You were my friend, but where are you now?
We once laughed together, it seems so long ago.
We could talk for hours and there's only silence between
us now.
We could share our secrets once, but they're forgotten too.
The times we spent together are now spent alone.
The soft, kind words have grown cold and callous.
We knew each other well and now we're total strangers.
We had a used-to-be friendship, or was it just a dream?
I've said all I could, but the words were meaningless.
I've done all I could and my efforts have failed.
I value those yesterdays that remain inside of me.
WHY?
Because I can't stop caring. I can't stop remembering
what used-to-be.
Sometimes I wonder if you care at all or if you
even remember;
Then I see you today and I know that you couldn't.
But, what does it matter how I feel?----I'm
. Just a used-to-be friend.
The hurt is still there, but you'll never know.
I used to feel sorry for myself once---but
Now it is YOU who I feel sorry for.

A Lost Friend

-Susan Richart





Arlene Stein

If I Had A Rocket Ship

*If I had a rocket ship
I'd blast right out of here
Set a straight course for the stars
and split the atmosphere*

*Stop on the moon to whistle a tune
and groove on the gravity
Jump all around come tumbling down
In a lunar cavity*

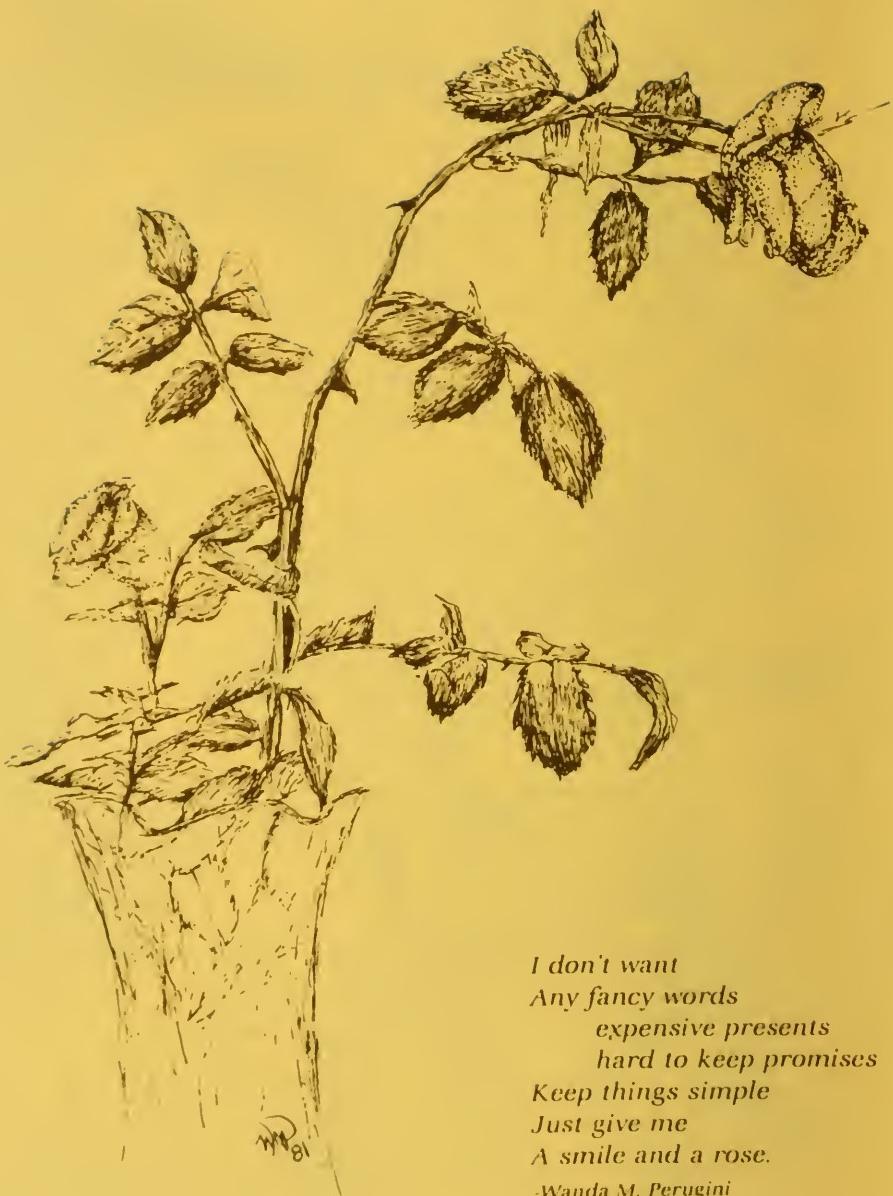
*If I had a rocket ship
It would surely raise a smile
I'd say "hello" to the galaxy
And "goodbye" to the earth for awhile*

*Stop on mars to check out the bars
Ask a pretty martian to dance
strike up the band and sing in the sand
mars has two moons for romance*

*If I had a rocket ship
what fun it would be
I'd pretend to be John Glen
and sip Tang at zero "G"*

*I'd track down Haleys comet
to see if Haley's hanging around
proceed to the local planet
and comence to paint the town
If I had a rocket ship*

-Carl Vivaldi



*I don't want
Any fancy words
expensive presents
hard to keep promises
Keep things simple
Just give me
A smile and a rose.*
-Wanda M. Perugini



Steve Stanford

*.... And the seagulls fly,
The fish swim,
The waves crash against the rocks,
And here I am....*

*.... Alone thinking,
Where am I going?
What about the future?
What about the past?....*

*.... Life was so easy then,
No hard decisions, no problems.
Just happy play,
And laughing and singing....*

*.... But then it came time to grow up,
Making decisions that sometimes hurt someone.
High school, new friends, lost loves,
New responsibilities, new challenges, and life....*

*.... But the seagulls still fly,
The fish still swim,
The waves still crash against the rocks,
And here I am....*

R. C. Chambers

